

The Hardest Truth

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Summary: It's not so complicated after all... Or, in which Bradley Fine realizes something that shakes him more than a bit. A drabble, written for a challenge. Rated M for cursing.

The Hardest Truth

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****_What Fine might feel about the Rick/Susan development. Maybe, possibly, this is how he could feel haha Written for a challenge._****

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><p>He first heard about Coop and Ford through the ever-active office grapevine. He had nearly choked on his coffee and damn, did it burn like hell going down.<p>

He wanted to believe that it was another baseless rumor, just like the one that had gone around about him and Elaine last year. People still occasionally whispered about how he'd supposedly fucked Elaine after the office Christmas party, when in reality all he'd done was give her seriously drunk ass a ride home.

He had to believe The Cooper and Ford Thing was another lie too. It was just a thing, if it had actually happened at all. He couldn't believe that Coop - his Coop - would even think of sleeping with that ingrate. Of all of the people in the world she could be with, she wouldn't choose that simpleton Rick. No way - especially after she'd told De Luca just mere weeks ago that she loved him...

It had to be a rumor! And yet, Susan had point-blank refused to answer him when he'd tried to ever so casually bring up The Thing in conversation over the company watercooler on one of her rare visits to the basement. He found that he sought out any opportunity to talk

to her that he got these days. While he was busy nursing an injured arm and a bruised ego, she was very busy doing other things â€| _Busy doing Rick?_

Why should the thought bother him so much? It was complicated, that's what he chose to tell himself. All he knew was that Susan had always been there for him; she'd always been his best friend, his confidant, his other half, and now she was rarely even around.

He had a lot of time to think now that he wasn't on active duty, and the things he thought of were of the decided unpleasant variety. Images of Coop in Ford's arms twisted his gut. The mere idea horrified him. _Why should it?_ Hell if he knew!

He soon learned that The Cooper and Ford Thing was indeed a _real_ thing. He saw them with his own eyes. He drove over to her place one evening, intending to surprise her with takeout from her favorite Chinese restaurant, only to get an eyeful when he saw her sharing a laugh with that contemptible bastard Ford. Then they disappeared into her apartment building _together._ She never would have invited Ford inâ€| not unless... not unless they actually _were_ screwing.

His soul burned. He had the strongest urge to cap Ford in that skinny ass with his favorite baretta, at very close range.

Fine sighed as he realized a little nugget of hard truth. What he felt wasn't really so complicated at all. He'd had the best woman right under his nose for years and he'd let her slip away; he'd completely taken her for granted and now another man was getting what should have been his.

Simply put, Fine was jealous.

Jealous as fuck.

End
file.